

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

DELIVERED BY CARRIERS IN THE CITY, 15 CENTS A WEEK, 80 CENTS A MONTH, \$3 FOR SIX MONTHS, \$24 A YEAR. THE SAME TERMS BY MAIL.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL,
Issued Thursdays, One Dollar a Year.

THE CARRINGTON PUBLISHING CO.
OFFICE 400 STATE STREET.

Advertising Rates.

Situations, Wants, Rents and other small advertisements, One Cent a Word each insertion. Five cents a word for a full week (seven insertions). Display Advertisements—Per inch, one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion, 40 cents; one week, \$3.00; one month, \$10.00; one year, \$30.00. Ordinary notices, in prose or verse, 10 cents per line. Notices of Births, Marriages, Deaths and Funerals, 50 cents each. Local notices, 15 cents per line. Yearly advertisements are limited to their own immediate business and matter to be published, and their contacts do not include Wants, To Let, For Sale, etc. Discounts—On two inches or more, one month and over, 10 per cent; on four inches or more, one month and over, 15 per cent.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee good faith.

Here, young lawyers who find hard scratching in New Haven. One of the newspaper investigators in Japan reports that he doesn't see much of an opening there at present for American physicians, but thinks a few smart American lawyers might pick up clients and fees right merrily.

A new process for the preservation of green fruit during railroad transit has been invented by a Californian. It consists in sterilizing the air in the car containing the fruit, and is said to be more economical than the present refrigerating system, and much more successful. Ordinary cars can be fitted with the apparatus for the process at small expense, while the expense of the process itself is said to be comparatively nothing compared with the refrigerating process.

The Cleveland, Ohio, street railroad companies have gone into the advertising business in a novel way. They have had built several billboard cars, constructed with the purpose of showing the greatest amount of poster space in the most obtrusive way, and these are kept running over the various routes through the city streets. The citizens don't like the cars, both on aesthetic grounds and because they would prefer to have the companies put on more cars for carrying passengers instead of crowding the streets with the trolley billboards.

A cotton spinning factory is about to be established in Shanghai. English capital is behind it and it will be conducted by English managers. The treaty of Simonoseki permits the introduction of foreign machinery hither-to, and this, the first institution of its kind in China, is one of the early fruits of it, promising indefinite growth and expansion. Ten cents a day is accounted good wages in China, and manufacturers there can be conducted more cheaply than in any other part of the world, unless Japan be an exception.

The success of the popular loan issued by the city of Philadelphia will give a hint to other cities. The bonds provided for were at first advertised at three per cent. Bids were received for them from but a few bankers, and those who did the bidding did not care to take many bonds. The mayor then decided to offer the whole lot to small investors at par. At first there was no response to the offer. According to the Philadelphia Press people imagined that the bankers would take them. But after a few days the small investors of the city began to inquire about the matter. Soon after, a steady demand set in, and it still continues. Over \$300,000 worth of the securities have been bought in small sums. Two or three days ago this class of buyers was augmented by a trust company, which, though it had originally refused to bid on the loan, wanted \$30,000 worth of the remainder. In a few days the whole loan of \$1,200,000 will have been placed, and the city will not only have to pay less interest on the issue than bankers wanted, but will save commission.

The South Carolina State fair, which has been held annually at Columbia under the direction of the Agricultural and Mechanical association, will probably be omitted this year, partly because of the competition expected from the Atlanta Exposition, but principally because the railroads are not ready to grant the usual concessions in rates of transportation. It is claimed that the exposition rates have been reduced so that from some parts of South Carolina the people can go to Atlanta for less money than they will require to visit the Columbia fair. This means certain loss to the Columbia association, and in other respects the prospects are not encouraging. Efforts to secure subscriptions from business men and an appropriation from the Columbia city council have failed, and the managers of the association say plainly that the fair can not be held. This result of unfavorable circumstances is especially to be regretted because of the fact that the grounds

and buildings of the association at Columbia revert, by the terms of the original contract, to the city in case of any failure to hold the annual fair. The probable loss to the association, therefore, will be very great. The State papers are expressing the hope that some way out of the difficulty may be found, but no definite plan has been suggested.

A commission appointed by the French government has been investigating the manufacture of matches with the object of ascertaining if there was not some substance whose substitution for phosphorus would render that industry one in which men and women could engage without becoming the victims of horrible and fatal forms of poisoning. The commission has just made its report, and the conclusions reached by it are of great interest. There is, the commissioners say, nothing that can replace phosphorus as a quick and convenient means to start combustion. Other chemicals would, indeed, be safer for the employees, but none of them is even approximately as safe or useful from the standpoint of the public. But by using proper precautions, the commissioners declare, in the ventilation of factories, in the structure of machines, and in the personal habits of the work people, practically all danger can be removed. In the best regulated establishments measures have already been taken that put an end to the diseases that a careless and unscientific use of phosphorus produces in those that handle it. Adequate safeguards against necrosis and blood poisoning are known and in use by some manufacturers. Others persist in the old ways, and their employees continue to die, also in the old way. A startling feature of the report is its assertion that the match factories owned and conducted by the French government itself are precisely those in which the conditions are the worst.

SANITARY KISSING.

The Chicago Health board has a good opportunity to study the baneful effects of unsanitary things. Chicago full of them and if the members of the Health board attend to their duties they should be experts, and their warnings should receive the careful attention due the warnings of those especially fitted to warn. There is no reason to believe that they are not experts, and therefore when they say that people should not allow themselves to be kissed without first wiping their lips with carbolyzed rosewater and thoroughly drying them they should be listened to. It is highly probable that they know what they are talking about. Of course this warning is especially intended for girls, and women who can by courtesy be called girls. This part of the population is more exposed to kissing and its lurking dangers than any other part, not excepting the baby part. The girls will therefore do well to protect themselves in the way indicated. And if they do they will not only live longer but they will benefit the world in other ways than in a sanitary way. They will, for instance, put a check upon that impulsive kissing which is at once the most unsanitary and the most dangerous kind. If the young men, or the old men, attack their lips after the ancient fashion they must kindly but firmly tell them to wait. Then they must take out their bottle of carbolyzed rosewater, wet their ripe lips with it and then thoroughly dry them. By the time this Board of Health business is done many of the young men, or the old men, will be somewhat thoughtful and if they still cling to their original idea of kissing will kiss in a comparatively sanitary and careful way. There is no doubt that such a check upon thoughtless kissing will do untold good. Of course there are some young, or old men, who would not be deterred or delayed in kissing by any sanitary rules and actions, but such people will go to destruction anyway and no Board of Health can stop them.

It may be said that the girls, and the women who can by courtesy be called girls, cannot be induced to make use of the carbolyzed rosewater and thus run the risk of decreasing the number and the vim of the kisses coming to them. We think they can. The New Woman is prevalent, and she well understands that she has the world on her shoulders, just as Atlas had it on his. She will not be false to her trust. Woman, new or old, was never false to her trust. If she, now new, can help humanity by putting carbolyzed rosewater on her cherry lips and thoroughly drying them she will do it.

LAW IN VERMONT AND MAINE.

Prohibition doesn't really prohibit in Vermont, but all the same the governor of that State has refused to comply with the petition for the pardon of B. G. Howe, the leading citizen and hotel-owner of St. Johnsbury, who was recently convicted of violating the prohibitory law on the complaint of a man who had quarrelled with him, and was sentenced to sixty days in the house of correction, to the equal surprise and horror of almost everybody in town. Mr. Howe was vouched for, even by prominent Prohibitionists, as "a good citizen," "a generous, open-hearted gentleman," "a public benefactor equalled by no man outside the Fairbanks com-

pany," and "more than ordinarily discreet in his methods of selling liquor." The governor has shown much character in this matter especially if it is a fact, as stated by the Rutland Herald, that he is the owner of a hotel where liquor is constantly sold in violation of law.

While a notable struggle in Vermont is thus brought to an end an equally notable struggle is going on in Maine, which also has a prohibitory law that doesn't prohibit. There are people in Maine who think the prohibitory law ought to prohibit, and they go so far as to say that it ought to prohibit even at Bar Harbor, a place much frequented by people who are not prohibitionists. Those who visit Bar Harbor take money with them, and some of them are just as willing to spend it for rum as for anything else. Indeed, some of them are more willing to spend their money for rum than for anything else, and they don't think much of a summer resort where there is any difficulty in spending money for rum. But there are some preachers of the gospel in Bar Harbor, and they are actually foolish enough to think and to say that if Bar Harbor cannot prosper without rum money it would be better for her not to prosper. They have therefore demanded the enforcement of the law and made an "agitation," and the agitation doesn't suit some of the leading permanent residents of the place. These "taxpayers" and men of mature age, with the best interests of the town at heart, have drawn up a petition against the action of the authorities. "Believing," they say, "that the present agitation and enforcement of the Maine liquor law, as now conducted, is disastrous to the best interests of the town, we hereby respectfully request that further enforcement, as now conducted, be suspended till such time as when our summer visitors shall have left us, and that the whole matter be left in charge of the regularly constituted police authority of the town, without the interference of voluntary agitators."

FASHION NOTES.

Daintily Striped With Hair Lines. Exquisitely dainty dresses are made of sheer lawn, striped in hair lines of color on white, green lines being especially cool and pretty. Such stuffs are made up with great simplicity, the skirt being of the sort that flares with billowy folds and a flounce set on at the knees of white lawn is headed and edged with narrow lace. A white lawn belt folded and shaped heads the skirt. The bodice is a faultless fit at the back and sides, and in front loosens into a blouse, that is run close with row on row of narrow lace set very full. The neck is finished by only a little narrow



band of lawn edged all around with lace and with its corners turned away in front. A white lawn collar sits into a series of battlements, that it may set over the fullness of the sleeves, is edged and the fronts of the collar extend into a pair of long straps of lawn that fit down either side of the blouse to the bust line. Cuffs of lawn to match the collar finish the sleeves which are drooping and full. Such a dress should be worn with a white lawn hat weighted with all kinds of wild flowers, and then a brilliant green parasol, perfectly plain with a long white stick, will complete a rig that is inexpensive but charming.

In to-day's picture there is shown a style of front that is just now in revival, although it flourished only three or four seasons ago. This is a much shorter term of retirement than most fashions are made to undergo and the simplicity and neatness of this one makes plain the reason for its quick return. In pounce of linen color this waist has fitted lining that hooks in the center, while the blouse itself fastens at the left side. It is made of gathered stuff, quite full at the neck and waist, and belt, collar and cuffs are made of pleated material. Its only garniture consists of large bows with several loops and ends of figured Dresden ribbon, and this trick of loops at the shoulders is the point that marks the whole as distinctly new.

Silk pompadour gauze is a new material, sheer and very crisp, and overflowing with blended colors. In a perleable gown this material because of its crispness should be a serviceable selection, but that doesn't mean that it will stand many wearings. FLORETTE.

OUT.

He—The lamp is going out. She—Yes. It hasn't been filled since you came—Life.

"I see Horv and Harvey got through all right!" "Yes; there was nine of the crowd armed!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"If you ever come within a mile of

my house, stop there," said a hospitable man who was unfortunate in choosing his words.—Tit-Bits.

Edith—I cannot realize, my dear, that you are a mother. Kate—Can't you? Come and spend a day with me and you will—Household Words.

Evangelist—Are you willing to fight for the Lord? Unrepentant—Sure thing! I've been a member of a paid choir for years.—Puck.

"What is the matter here?" asked a stranger of a small boy, as he noticed a large wedding party coming out of a church on Fifth avenue. "Nawthin" but the tied gals' out," was the reply.—Texas Siftings.

Baffling the Enemy.—Friend (being shown through the house)—Do you find that the use of a gas stove increases your gas bills much? Mr. Housekeeper—Not a bit! The company doesn't know we have it.—Puck.

Mrs. Hammond—Mrs. Hashcroft has bragged again to-day about keeping "her boarders so long." Mrs. Forawake—She doesn't really keep them long. She keeps them so thin that they look longer than they actually are.—Indianapolis Journal.

Figs—Have I ever told you the story about what my little boy said when he saw his aunt on a bicycle for the first time? Bridge—No, old man, you never have. And I wish to say to you that I fully appreciate your forbearance.—Indianapolis Journal.

Farmer—Barber, now corn's cheap, you ought to shave for half price. Barber—Can't, Mr. Jones. I ought really to charge more; for when corn's down farmers make such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over.—Boston Globe.

His Last Resource.—Doctor—I really don't understand. There is no reason why you should go in for a reduction of corpulence! Patient—Still, I want you to put me through a course of anti-fat treatment. My Eulalia shall see with her own eyes how I pine away for love of her.—Gaiety-Lantern.

"And now, Edward—" "No you don't, Maria." "You didn't hear what I was going to—" "No; and I didn't need it. You were going to say you ought to have two dozen more quart jars and a whole lot of pints. I guess I know, after buying fruit jars steady for the last twenty years."—New York Recorder.

In the summer Baby was very busy supervising everything that went on at the farm. After a while she pushed away her chair at supper one afternoon, declaring that she did not want any more milk. "Why not, dear?" asked mamma, gently. "Because," said Baby, with an air of superiority, "I know all about it now; milk is nothing but chewed grass."—Crypt.

THE STORY OF JOHN BROWN, JR.

His Stirring Account of the Struggle for Free Soil in Kansas.

The only man living to-day of the eighteen who, with John Brown, of Ossawatimie, struck the blow at Harper's Ferry, is Jason Brown, who resides at Pasadena, Cal., and he is older than was John Brown, Jr., who died recently at the age of seventy-five, at his home on Put-in-Bay Island. So time passes away; the wide breach between north and south has narrowed, and is being bridged by sympathy and a better understanding. No one would have entered more heartily into the ceremony of unveiling the monument to the Confederate dead than John Brown, Jr., who had worn manacles in a Kansas prison for his hatred of slavery; who mourned a father and four brothers; who had seen the hair of his wife turn white at the age of thirty through grief and terror, and who had before him, until his death, the reminder of that terrible sacrifice of the peace and security of his family in an imbecile son, born to him while he was a hunted fugitive.

The writer of this sketch had an interview with him on his island home one bleak autumn evening six years ago, when the summer guests had all departed from the big hotels at Put-in-Bay, and he could stride the beach unmolested by curiosity or the camera. For he was not only a historical character, but also a local celebrity—a man who would make his individuality felt in any community. He had a robust frame, and stood half a head taller than the average man, even at the age of sixty-eight. He was broad of shoulder, strong of stride, handsome of face, with a shock of iron-gray hair and patriarchal white beard. He was free and cordial of manner, had a liberal culture, and was uncompromising in principle.

"Every man who deserves the name," he said, "has a principle for which he sacrifices much or everything. Mine is Prohibition. Abolition abolished. It's too early in the day to say that Prohibition is not going to prohibit. It will when there is a Moses inspired of God to lead the children out of their bondage to drink. I don't feel the call as did my father. But it took the essence of abolitionism, concentrated through ten generations of Browns, to produce my father. It began with Peter Brown, the carpenter who came over in the Mayflower. None of the family ever owned a slave, though the custom was common enough in the north in colonial days, and the Browns were always prosperous men. I remember once my father reading the Constitution of the United States to his seven sons, and saying: 'Some one will arise and secure to the black man the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness guaranteed in that document. Home of the free! What a mockery!' I can remember a hundred times in my youth how we were thrilled by my father's tremendous earnestness. As we grew older we noticed that he prayed often alone. We believed in him as the family of Mahomet believed in the prophet, and would have followed him unquestioningly at any time. When Kansas was opened for settlement, and the slavery question was being agitated, he said: 'Now, boys, is the time. Kansas needs free-soilers who will fight and die if necessary.' Without a word of argument Jason, Owen, Frederick, Salmon and myself—five Brown brothers—went to Kansas with seed, fruit trees, live stock, implements, our young families and two squirrel rifles and a revolver.

"Six thousand border ruffians from Missouri had voted at the election of the spring before. There were less

than one thousand electors in the state at the time. We had the ague, and while we were sick our crops rotted. We lived in the midst of hostile neighbors and were amenable to bad laws. The murder of free-soil men began in 1855. Six months later these assassinations were avenged by the hanging of six pro-slavery men at Pottawatomie. Any one who had heard him, as I have a hundred times, would have known that my father was an instrument produced by the exigencies of the time that required him. I do not believe any volition of his own could have prevented the march of events or his part in them. His failure was victory; his cause triumphed over his death. He headed no party, changed no law, won no battle and suffered an ignominious death, but he left a principle that animated twenty-five million people into action, lifted the burden of slavery from the south and brought civilization forward one hundred years at a single stride. And his soul goes marching on. I cannot tell you how my heart leaped the first time I heard that song. I never heard how it originated, but all at once half a million soldiers were marching to victory inspired by the soul of martyred John Brown. The nation had caught up with him who five years before had been swung off to immortality and immortal fame from the end of a rope.

"Harper's Ferry? I was not there. I was in Canada, getting supplies to support the fighters. I missed the hemp necklace, but I wear 'slavery bracelets' yet." He rolled his sleeve above his elbow, and showed a ring scar that sunk deep and encircled the arm. "That ring of skin came off with some ropes in a Kansas prison. After the massacre of the six men at Pottawatomie, Owen, Jason and myself were captured. My arms were tied back with a heavy rope, and I was forced to run before a cavalry escort all the way to Ossawatimie in the hot sun. I went insane, and did not know when the ropes were removed, but I had torn the flesh of my swollen and bleeding arms in my agony, and there are the bracelets. I was in prison for months, wasted with fever and violently insane, so that if I had not been chained to the floor, I should have killed myself, probably. They did not attempt to put any of us to death, because they were afraid of my father, who had his hand of free soldiers in the swamp, but who rode in and out of the town unmolested. So terrible had his name become, that the border ruffians were afraid to come to vote in 1856, and the state was carried for free soil. Our work in Kansas was done, but Brother Frederick was murdered, my wife's hair was snow white, I was slowly recovering mind and strength, and my infant boy uttered only senseless babblings."

"The boy," a man of thirty-two then, was sitting on the opposite side of the fire-place, smiling with imbecile amiability upon the visitor. John Brown, Jr., swept his shock of gray hair back with his hand, and resumed his story. "No, my father was not a large man, or robust, like me. He was only five feet ten inches, and weighed but 140 pounds; yet such was his aspect that he carried the impression of a massive build. He had a military look and bearing, like the God-fearing Puritans. His eyes were a keen blue, under shaggy brows, and he rarely smiled, but was serious and meditative—not sad, because never discouraged. He always appeared to his followers, and even to his enemies, to be in the foremost ranks of his men. Emerson once said that Cromwell was the only other man in history who would have justified a violent act on his own part as a special commission. But of his personal appearance? Like John the Baptist crying in the wilderness. Only once in the last four years of his life did he wear a suit that was not ragged, and that was on the scaffold. His hair grew long and wild in Kansas; his face was unshaven

for weeks. He wore a leather belt that bristled with knives and pistols, and in this garb he held religious services in the swamps and prayed with his hand of men. 'Do not despair,' he said, 'and God are a majority. It was that little band of men with God that carried the day in Kansas for free soil. At home he was like a child. He rocked us all to sleep at night, and sung us his favorite song, 'Blow Ye the Trumpets Blow!' so that the martial strain sounded like a lullaby. Everything weak and suffering found protection and comfort on that gentle breast. From Kansas, father and the other boys, with my brother-in-law, Thompson, and my young sister, Anne, went to Virginia, where they lived as cattle buyers under the name of Smith, until Harper's Ferry. Converts kept coming until there were eighteen. You know the rest.

"He did not hate the south. He hated slavery, the institution. The border ruffianism in Kansas was not the south, and he always said so. I believe he foresaw the reconciliation after the struggle, and believed that the whole moral atmosphere of the country would be strengthened and sweetened by the conflict. He would have had love and tears for the Blue, tears and love for the Gray." The kindest, gentlest, bravest heart that ever beat in a human breast was that of Ossawatimie Brown. And the proudest title I bear is John Brown Jr."

LOTS OF TIMES you get an article from your Grocer that provokes you because it's unsatisfactory.

All we ask is the chance of bringing satisfaction to your home by selling you OUR kind of Groceries.

EDW. E. HALL & SON,
770 CHAPEL ST.

Chase & Company
Are now offering
the balance of their
Negligence Shirts
AT
\$1.50.

The lots are broken, and this price is put on them SIMPLY to clear them up. See sample in window.

for weeks. He wore a leather belt that bristled with knives and pistols, and in this garb he held religious services in the swamps and prayed with his hand of men. 'Do not despair,' he said, 'and God are a majority. It was that little band of men with God that carried the day in Kansas for free soil. At home he was like a child. He rocked us all to sleep at night, and sung us his favorite song, 'Blow Ye the Trumpets Blow!' so that the martial strain sounded like a lullaby. Everything weak and suffering found protection and comfort on that gentle breast. From Kansas, father and the other boys, with my brother-in-law, Thompson, and my young sister, Anne, went to Virginia, where they lived as cattle buyers under the name of Smith, until Harper's Ferry. Converts kept coming until there were eighteen. You know the rest.

"He did not hate the south. He hated slavery, the institution. The border ruffianism in Kansas was not the south, and he always said so. I believe he foresaw the reconciliation after the struggle, and believed that the whole moral atmosphere of the country would be strengthened and sweetened by the conflict. He would have had love and tears for the Blue, tears and love for the Gray." The kindest, gentlest, bravest heart that ever beat in a human breast was that of Ossawatimie Brown. And the proudest title I bear is John Brown Jr."

LOTS OF TIMES you get an article from your Grocer that provokes you because it's unsatisfactory.

All we ask is the chance of bringing satisfaction to your home by selling you OUR kind of Groceries.

EDW. E. HALL & SON,
770 CHAPEL ST.

Chase & Company
Are now offering
the balance of their
Negligence Shirts
AT
\$1.50.

The lots are broken, and this price is put on them SIMPLY to clear them up. See sample in window.

LOTS OF TIMES you get an article from your Grocer that provokes you because it's unsatisfactory.

All we ask is the chance of bringing satisfaction to your home by selling you OUR kind of Groceries.

EDW. E. HALL & SON,
770 CHAPEL ST.

Chase & Company
Are now offering
the balance of their
Negligence Shirts
AT
\$1.50.

The lots are broken, and this price is put on them SIMPLY to clear them up. See sample in window.

F. M. BROWN & CO.

GRAND CENTRAL SHOP
PING EMPORIUM.
F. M. BROWN, D. S. GAMBLE.

F. M. BROWN & CO.



Separate
Skirts, Suits,
Capes and
Shirt Waists
at Cost!

Muslin
Underwear

at great reductions!
Ladies' Umbrella Skirts in black
netting, with deep corded flounce,
sale price, \$1.25
Cambric Corset Covers, V neck front
and back of fine Hamburg, 40c
25 cents
Muslin Drawers, Fruit of the Loom
muslin, fine Hamburg ruffle, cluster
of suks above, 48 cents
Infants' short Slips of fine cambric,
yoke trimmed with fine Hamburg,
50 cents
Children's Cotton Night Drawers, 2 to
10 years, 25c to 49c
West Store, Main Floor

NEVER TOO LATE!

14-inch Lawn Mower, \$2.95
Wash Irons, 30c
Iron Muffin Pans, 15c
Iron Oil stove Rollers, double, 40c
Large Fry Pans, 15c
Dial Scales, 15c
Pots and Irons, set, 70c
Knife Boxes, lined, 10c
Hardwood Towel Rollers, 10c
Kitchen Drying Racks, 5-arm, 7c
Acme Egg Beaters, 9c
Ironing Wax, 9c
Cap Heaters, to fit your gas tips, 9c
Chamois Sponges, 10c
West Store, Basement

F. M. Brown & Co.

A
Husband's
Jammed

Thumb in trying to
lay a carpet, which
leads him to kick the
cat and break the
Commandments,
alone ought

To lead wives to look up
our August offer of mak-
ing and laying Carpets
bought in August

FREE!

Besides little prices
for Best Carpets.

But you must bring this
adv.

Cash or easy payments!

P. J. KELLY & CO.,

Grand Ave., Church street.

WILLIAM H. CHAPMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Solicitor of
and
Counselor
in

PATENTS

OFFICES

New Haven, Springfield.

70 CHURCH ST. 317 MAIN ST

Undertakers.

THEODORE KEILER, Asst.

UNDERTAKER.

162 ORANGE STREET,

Near Court street. Telephone No. 117

H. W. BECHER, JAS. M. BENNETT,
BEECHER and BENNETT,
Funeral Directors and
Embalmers,
No. 280 Elm St., Broadway Square.
Telephone No. 375-3,
Night Bell, Lady Assistant,
63017